

["Them gloves," Aunt Mary said]

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Subject The Irish Shoemaker of Lynn [?do?]

Section

Informants John Healy

Catherine Healy, [?]

wife of above. 12/8/38 Aunt Mary wore a pair of dark gray cotton gloves when she dropped in to see a neighbor one day.

"Them gloves ," she Aunt Mary said, "are a pair Jimmie Murray get got when he was pall bearer . for [———-?]. The number a times that man's been pall bearer I couldn't count. Every time I clean house, I find some of them gloves. They used ta give back black ones but now they get gray. Don't look as much like pall bearers' gloves.

"We went to a funeral the other day and wuz it cold[!?] at the cemetery. Jimmie Murray said that the next time he went to a funeral in the winter time that he wuz goin' ta have a pint a whiskey on in his hip pocket. It wuz that cold at the cemetery that we all sure needed it."

Neither Aunt Mary or Uncle Jimmie ever drink. They were simply expressing the fact that it was cold at the cemetery.

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Aunt Mary makes wine every fall though. She does not drink it herself but usually ties red ribbon around the bottles and gives them away to her friends at Christmas. A woman friend, worn to the edge of nervous prostration by household duties, will be sure to be remembered. [?]

"Now you take this and put it away just for yourself. Nothin' like a bit a home made wine for a pickup when you're just too tired to keep goin'. I made it myself and there's nothin' but good stuff in it." neither Aunt Mary nor Uncle Jimmie ever drink. Except for funerals, family dinners, and weddings, Uncle Jimmie and Aunt Mary they seldom go out together. He goes to a club house every afternoon and plays cards with cronies; she goes to public card and beano parties about three or four nights a week. On other evenings she divides among friends at whose homes she always finds an exceedingly warm welcome. With her will She always come brings a "bit to eat." It may be a pie, some spiced cabbage, some cake, or some cookies for the children[?] of the household, or some small toy. There is always a riot of joy to greet her at the threshold.

"Get me the potatoes and I'll peel 'em for I'm goin' to earn my supper." So out she comes to the kitchen while the meal is cooking. While the skins are coming off the potatoes her hostess usually hears about her activities of the week. [?]

"I said to Jimmie Murray, " she always uses Uncle Jimmie Murray's full name when referring to him that him and I wuz gettin' far too old to be trappin' around the way we do. But I tel' tol' him too that I guessed we'd never stop long's we lived. Ya can't teach an old dog new tricks.

"I have a good life[,?] ya know. Ever since my youngest started to school, I been playin' cards. Takes my mind off my troubles so much that I forget I ever had any. [Everybody needs something. I get cards and beano and books—for?]

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[I read every night 'fore I go ta sleep. Jimmie Murray, he's got books and cards too and he's got the radio. That things agoin' from the time he gets up 'till he goes ta?] bed. [?] " My friends keep askin' me what I'm goin' ta do with all them prizes I won from the card games. Yes my house is full of 'em. Enough lamps to start a store. And blankets and ya oughta see the silk puff I got last week. No # run in 1 cap

"Well, fur one thing they make dang good Christmas presents and every little while I find some one that has a need for somethin' I got and don't need. So I give it to 'em. If ya got too much a somethin' ya don't ever appreciate it[.?] and that's the way we are with lamps.

"Jimmie Murray is most often in bed when I get home and don't I get mad at him. 'Cause I can't get him ta lock the front door. He just goes off ta bed and sleeps sound enough ta have the house carried away, but he won't lock the door. Don't see no use in it, he says.

"After I get in, my son Joe comes in, and no matter how late 'tis he always sits on the edge a the bed and talks fur awhile. I have ta hear all the things goin' on down town. Sometimes too, I get up and we have a bit to eat for ourselves. Might be 2 o'clock.

["?]I sleep late the next mornin'. Nothin' ta get up for now all my children is grown up. " Time wuz that I couldn't do that but I can now, and how I do enjoy myself. No # run in

4

"Sometimes I stop and think though. All this good life can't go on forever. I'm gettin' up in years now, and I can't expect ta have such a good time forever. But I says to myself. I might jest a well have it while I kin."

The conversation switched to two young people who had recently married. [?]

"I'm glad ta see them two young people had the sense not ta have a lotta blow and blather about their weddin'. How often ya see a big weddin' turn out bad with either a divorce or

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no happiness in it. 'taint the show of the weddin' that makes ya happy. It's who ya get for a husband or wife."

A glance out of the window revealed that a peddler was coming[.?] our way. "Lock the door an' keep quiet," instructed advised Aunt Mary. " As a rule them's a bad lot and ya can't depend on what they say. # " Why only las' week one knocked at my door. He wuz asellin' a package that had aspirin, iodine, adhesive, and other stuff good ta have in the house time a sickness or accident. A first aid kit he called it. Told me I could buy it fur a quarter and that for another cent I could get another like it with a slip he'd give me, at a drug store down town. No # run in " He tol' me the woman downstairs bought two. Said they wuz worth seventy-five cents. No # run in

5

" 'Well', said I, 'then I won't need none fur I kin borrow from her. Now shew.'

"And shew he did. [An' I found out afterwards that what he said about gettin' a second package from the drug store fur a penny wusn't true a'tall. Shows ya how them peddlers all lie ta make ya buy. Don't trust 'em. [?] " But ya oughta see how plite Jimmie Murray treats 'em. I get so mad at him. He's toe to easy with folks that's trying to do him." No # run in above

Children came bounding into the room, and as usual, Aunt Mary called upon her resources of entertainment. "Monkey, monkey, making beer How many monkies monkeys have we here? One two, three, Out goes you."

The meal over, the children put to bed, Aunt Mary and her hostess spent the evening playing "Forty Five." The radio interrupted the card game now and then. Aunt Mary listened intently to, "I'm taking Nellie Home." [?]

"How often my mother used ta sing that. That an' Silver Threads Among the Gold."